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## POPULAR TALES.

### THE FIRST AND SECOND HUSBAND.

CHRISTINE BOISSARD was the daughter of a schoolmaster at Thoulouse. At the early age of fifteen she was married to Bertrand de Rols, himself only one year older than his bride. They had been companions from their infancy, and the innocent attachment of childhood had ripened with their years into feelings which, at the important ages of fifteen and sixteen, were easily mistaken for love.

Christine was very beautiful; it was that kind of beauty which Bacon says is the best—"that which a picture cannot express." It dwelt upon her countenance, it enshrined her person, and seemed to be a perpetual emanation from herself, rather than any union of exquisite proportions either in form or features. The beholder saw she was beautiful, but could not discover in what it consisted. There were those who had a fairer brow than Christine, whose tresses were more luxuriant, in whose eye dwelt the soul's meaning more eloquently, round whose mouth played a more gracious expression of softness, and in whose air there was more of elegance; but in all Thoulouse there could not be found one to vie with her in that loveliness which, touching the heart at the first glance, makes silent worshippers.

The mind of Christine was worthy of such a temple. It had received no soil from the world, and seemed incapable of receiving any. Its stainless purity, like that of the diamond, was inherent. She could not be said to shun evil so much as to be shunned by it. The exceeding simplicity of her character, the frankness and sincerity of her nature, were such, that as she had no thoughts which needed disguise, so were there none that did not lie as open to all the world as to herself.

Similitude may be the basis of friendship, it is not that of love. Christine loved Bertrand de Rols when they went to the altar, and after; and Bertrand loved her—but they did not resemble each other. Bertrand was quick, fiery, impetuous—easily excited, and requiring excitement to break the irksome monotony of domestic life. He was of a moody temper, too; fond of lonely musings, in which it was his delight to summon up fancied scenes of wild enterprise, where there was free scope for a stirring spirit to signalize itself. During the first years of his marriage, these outbreakings of a restless nature were few and feeble. The novelty of his situation, the fulness of his happiness as the husband of Christine, and the consciousness of youth and inexperience, were all so many checks upon them; but as he trod the verge of manhood, as the freshness of his felicity wore off and he required something more than even Christine to fill up the measure of his desires, they came thick upon him, flinging distaste upon the serene joys of home, and arraying in gorgeous splendor the visions of his heated imagination.

Christine saw the change, saw he was unhappy, but only wondered he could be so, when she herself was so happy. She would have striven to restore him to his former state, could she have discovered any thing now wanting which he had heretofore possessed—any thing depending upon herself that could open a new source of delight to him; but how was this possible? She had bestowed her whole store of love from the first; she had made him absolute master of her heart, her affections, her every thought, her every wish. Wholly and entirely had she cast her treasures at his feet, and vainly, therefore, did she seek for one that could be added. She was a very beggar in all, except prayers to heaven, and those she breathed in many an hour of unseen sorrow.

"What an inglorious animal is man," said Bertrand to Christine, as they were one evening walking in their little garden, "when his round of life is told in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping! When yesterday was but a type of to-day, and to-day but the mould of to-morrow! I would have each hour the parent of some change; each day a history; each week a thing to wonder at, till the succeeding one cast it into shade by greater miracles. It were nobler, methinks, to fling but a stone the farthest of any twenty that tried, than not to have so much ambition as would bring one within the circle of competitors!"

"Why do these fancies possess you, my dear Bertrand?" replied Christine. "Can you be happier than you have been?"

"Oh, no! not happier than I *have* been, my beloved; but—"

"Happier than you *are*," added Christine, filling up the pause, and sighing as she spoke.

"There is a future, Christine, whose voice is troubling my spirit with dreams that would respond aye to that. Nay, do not weep!"

"Should I not weep," interrupted the gentle Christine, "to know you are unhappy—when in that knowledge lies a sad truth which kills my own happiness? I am not what I was to thee, Bertrand, else wouldst thou be what thou wert—what I am still—without a wish unsatisfied."

"Look at yon marble vase, Christine. It takes but little to fill it to overflowing. Will that same little fill the city's reservoir? The stream of time rolls through one man's life like a gentle river confined within its banks; but through another's, like a heady torrent, widening its channel, and demanding larger space for its increasing waters. Now, if you dam up that torrent's course, or if it encounter some natural impediment that stays its progress, how it chafes and swells, till at last, overbearing all obstacles, it rushes fiercely on amid the havoc of its own wrath."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Christine, who read and trembled at the meaning of this simile.

"Come, come, love," continued Bertrand, kissing her tenderly, "be not sorrowful. I own I long to fling behind me this tame existence, this homely, sluggish idleness, and hunger for the busy world that lies beyond our slothful fire-side; but think not I can find a joy there unless I share it with thee, Christine. It is thou must give its value to my happiness, gather it where I may. The monarch of this little empire—my home! I would, as wisest monarchs do, pour into the lap of my own kingdom the treasures of all others."

It was not long after this conversation that Christine was doomed to know its full import. A slight quarrel arose between Bertrand and his father, who galled him with ill-judged taunts upon languishing away his days, instead of bestirring himself to augment his slender fortune. Bertrand heard these taunts in silence, but they gave his mind (already on the spring, as it were) the single impulse it required to make the leap. The feeling which had long tormented him was, in reality, nothing more than the impatient desire for adventures—the wish to roam from place to place, without any fixed plan or deliberate choice. Had he at that moment been standing upon the sea-shore, where vessels were preparing to sail for India, America, the South Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, he would have been content to determine which of them should bear him away by the falling of a stick east or west, north or south, according as it lay.

Quitting his father's house, he lingered upon the brow of a small eminence that overlooked the valley in which was his own peaceful dwelling. He was irresolute—not whether he would go he knew not whither and cared not—but whether he should unman himself by a farewell of Christine and his daughter Henriette. Their images rose before him: the wild grief of the one, the sympathetic sorrow of the other, and what he felt in imagination was his monitor to shun the reality. He stretched his arms towards the valley—his eyes swam in tears. "Christine!" he exclaimed, "my beloved Christine! Does no unwonted tremor steal over thy shuddering frame to warn thee of thy fate? Art thou joyfully expecting thy Bertrand's return? Is my little Henriette asking for her father? With streaming eyes, and an almost bursting heart, he is bidding an adieu which thou dost neither hear nor dread, to follow the destiny that has so long striven to tear him from thee!" He turned away, gained the city, hurried along the streets of Thoulouse, and passing through its western gate, followed the first path that struck out of the main road.

The shock was indeed terrible to Christine: the more so because she remained in utter doubt of the extent of her calamity. At first she believed a few hours might put an end to it. When that hope vanished, she trusted to each day for comfort; and when days were past and no comfort came, then each week, perhaps, might be the last of her sufferings. But as days, and weeks, and months rolled on, and still there came no tidings of her husband—none from himself—none from any living soul by whom he had been seen, since her own eyes looked upon him, (save the unsatisfying report of his father, whom in her heart she upbraided for his departure,) she sunk into hopeless dejection. She could not doubt he was dead, and her fancy haunted her with all imaginable pictures of dismal and appalling deaths, till she would start from these gloomy reveries with a fearful shriek, as if she suddenly saw him gashed with wounds dealt by some assassin's hand.

Thus did Christine pass seven long years, in all which time she continued as profoundly ignorant of the fate of Bertrand as at the moment of his going. She rejected with scorn the consolation sometimes offered, that he might still be alive and would one day return. Whatever were the motives which impelled him to leave her, she could not endure to think it possible he could abandon her to such a miserable uncertainty, when a single word by letter, or by some trusty friend, would have been sufficient to relieve her from it.

"No," she would exclaim, in reply to this barren comfort—"no, no, he has perished! And if any thing of this world can give sorrow to those who are no longer of it, my poor Bertrand beholds with anguish my affliction. This conviction is so strong, that I seem to expect his spirit will appear and bid me cease to mourn for him with that torturing hope, which, in spite of myself, mingles with my tears. It is far less terrible to know we must be wretched, than to know we are, with a mystery shrouding our cause of grief, through which, ever and anon, stream faint rays of deluding hope."

Seven years, as we have said, had thus passed away, when one summer's morning Christine, who was sitting early at her little garden gate with Henriette, believed such a visitation was about to take place. A man, dressed in a soldier's garb, approached unseen, and stood before her. She looked, her color fled, her heart palpitated, her limbs trembled.

"Christine!" he exclaimed, "do you not know me? or can you not forgive me?"

Her eyes closed, and a faint scream died away upon her lips. She would have fallen to the ground, had not the stranger sprung forward, and caught her in his arms.

The scene was incomprehensible to the young Henriette, whose tears flowed fast, as she bent over her mother, calling upon her to speak.

Christine recovered. Fixing her eyes earnestly upon the stranger, she gazed in silence for several minutes.

"Have I then," she at length exclaimed, "so long wept a living husband's death? or is this a cheat put upon me by my distempered fancy?"

"My Christine!" murmured the stranger, "my beloved Christine! I am, in sooth, thy own Bertrand!"

She uttered one convulsive cry of joy, cast herself in his arms, and buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. Henriette also hung upon him with all the fervor of filial love. She was so young when her father left them, that it was no wonder she was unable to recognize him now.

The first rush of excited feeling a little subsided, and Christine again fixed her ardent gaze upon Bertrand, as if she would still satisfy herself she was not yielding to a delusion.

"You are somewhat changed," said she, "during this cruel absence?" then bursting into a flood of tears, at the recollection of her sufferings, "Oh heavens!" she continued, "what have I not endured for thee, Bertrand? But I can forget it all—all—all! now that you are restored to me. You shall not hear me once complain of the many solitary hours I have wasted in anguish since you left me. I will but say, I thought and mourned you dead; and that belief, grievous as it was, shielded you from reproaches which I do fear I could not else have stifled, as often as I grew half frantic with impatient longings to hear from you. Oh Bertrand! one single, blessed word, to say you lived, would have spared me misery I cannot describe! But I blot out the past! I am too happy a creature now, to wish to remember what a very wretched one I have been. Yes, thou art much changed!" looking earnestly at him.

"I shall have a long tale to tell thee, Christine, of the hardships which have wrought this change! But there will be hours for such discourse more fitting than the present, and then my Christine will sadly own I have played the truant in a thorny path. Ay, love! it may be too hard a task to forgive your Bertrand, but you will not say you alone have been unhappy."

Bertrand's father was dead. Three of his sisters, however, were still living at Thoulouse, who shared with Christine her delight at his return. The father of Christine alone refused to see him, so deeply did he resent the wrong done his daughter. His former friends gathered round him; and, though he did not repulse their advances, there was often a strange reserve in his manner, as if they were imperfectly remembered, or that he scarcely wished to renew their acquaintance. Christine would sometimes gently chide him for this, but he soothed her by declaring he was desirous of no other company than hers and Henriette's, and that he wished for no companions that might estrange him from his home.

Three years thus glided on, and Christine, faithful to her word never once clouded their serenity by the slightest unkind allusion to the past. Yet, and she knew not why, there was a something that prevented her from feeling as she once did towards Bertrand. In vain she struggled with this repugnance; in vain she condemned it; in vain she reasoned with herself and strove to command back the unbounded love and devotion of the first years of their marriage. She was conscious they had abated; but it was her consolation to know, (as she believed she did,) that Bertrand was *not* conscious of it.

One day, when he was out, her father came. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her door since his return. She welcomed him joyfully, though, from his manner, she saw his visit was for no pleasing object. But what was her consternation, her horror, when she learned wherefore he had come? when she learned it was to wither her incredulous mind with this frightful annunciation—that Bertrand was an impostor, and not her husband!

At first she would fain have treated it as a bitter jest; but, alas! she had hideous forebodings of a fatal truth that lurked behind. There *had been moments* since the return of Bertrand, when strangely horrible misgivings had possessed her own soul, misgivings which she dared not for her life heed, the after-thoughts were so terrible. She sought refuge rather in the belief that she herself was altered; or that seven years of wandering and severe trials had wrought inexplicable changes in her husband; or that so long an interval had obliterated in both feelings, affections, and habits which

could not now be revived. In short, what could she not believe sooner than the monstrous fable of her father?

The old man, however, was clear and positive in his statement, much as it grieved him to afflict his child. He had his evidence, too, which, at the earnest entreaty, nay, the almost frantic command of Christine, he produced. This was the Sieur d'Anglade, a man who had known Bertrand in Spain, when he was serving there with the French army, and where he went by his proper name, that of Arnaud du Tilh. The Sieur d'Anglade was well acquainted also with the father of Arnaud du Tilh, and his whole family, who lived at Caen, in Normandy. This, if true, was the circumstance that most staggered the miserable Christine; for till it was mentioned, she hoped it might turn out, though Bertrand had never told her so, that he had assumed the name of Arnaud du Tilh during his absence, the better to prevent all discovery of himself.

It was proposed by M. Boissard, and assented to by Christine, that the Sieur d'Anglade should remain till Bertrand returned, and they would then be able to judge, from their meeting, of the truth of his statement.

"Not at all, Madame," said the Sieur d'Anglade. "Arnaud du Tilh is master of himself, and has studied too well the part he has to play. I have been in Thoulouse above a month; I have met du Tilh several times in the streets; I have spoken to him, but his dissimulation was admirable. Were he indeed Bertrand de Rols, he could not have received my salutations with a more perfect absence of all recognition. He is an excellent actor, Madame!"

While they were discoursing, Bertrand entered. He evinced some surprise at seeing Christine's father; none at the presence of the Sieur d'Anglade. The latter advanced towards him, his hand extended, which he took with the unembarrassed air of a person who is receiving a stranger under his own roof.

"Well met, Arnaud du Tilh!" exclaimed the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I give you welcome, sir!" replied Bertrand calmly, "but there is some mistake. I do not know *your* name—it is evident *you* do not know *mine*."

"And yet we knew each other well at Barcelona: and long before that I was an intimate friend of your family at Caen, where I have spent many a pleasant hour with your father, Urban du Tilh."

Bertrand smiled as he turned towards his wife, and said, "Christine, *you* knew my father here in Thoulouse."

"You are an impostor!" exclaimed M. de Boissard, "and you shall answer for this before the criminal judge."

"I know, sir," rejoined Bertrand, "you have never pardoned my long desertion of your daughter; but let not your wrath dishonor itself by making injustice the instrument of its satisfaction."

"Look at me!" said the Sieur d'Anglade sternly.

"I do," replied Bertrand, fixing his eyes upon him with a calm expression of countenance.

"*Can* you do so," continued the Sieur d'Anglade, "and persist that you do not know me?"

"As truly, and therefore as fearlessly," replied Bertrand, "as I would say no to the man who accused me of parricide."

"Were you at Barcelona during the autumn and winter of 1654, now five years since?"

"I was not," answered Bertrand firmly, and as he spoke his eyes met those of Christine. "He is wrong, love," he continued; "I read your thoughts. I have told you I served at Barcelona, but it was in the summer of 1652."

"Were you not born at Caen, in Normandy? and is not your father's name Urban du Tilh?" demanded the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I was born in the city of Thoulouse, and my father's name was Auguste de Rols," answered Bertrand; "I am known here of my friends, and here my three sisters still live, who welcomed, with tears of joy, the brother they had sorrowed for as lost. My wife too—"

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Christine wildly, "heed well what you say! Before this hour—I cannot tell wherefore—I have been tormented with dark suspicions. They came unbidden—I dashed them from me—I loathed myself for them, because they branded me with innocent guilt! But *now*, Bertrand—*now*, it seems as if a thick veil were dropping off, and before my uncovered sight there stood a dismal yawning gulf. Oh heavens! grant *this* may prove delirious phantasy, and not the other!"

"Sir," said Bertrand, in an agitated voice, and turning round to the Sieur d'Anglade, "a choleric man, with half this provocation, would strike you dead upon the spot! By what right come you here to disturb my quiet home with the sick dreams of your bewildered mind? I have borne to be catechized by you, as I would have borne to be asked of any crime of which I knew myself guiltless; but since my answers satisfy you not, since you have succeeded in poisoning the mind of that gentle creature, and since this honorable person, her father, has been cajoled by you so far as to talk largely of my answering for myself before the criminal judge, it is time I should meet you with another spirit. Begone!"

The Sieur d'Anglade, not a jot daunted by this indignant reprimand, prepared to depart with M. Boissard, when Christine, rising from the seat where she had been leaning on the bosom of Henriette, in a state of indescribable distress, addressed Bertrand:—

"I go with my father!" said she; "and with *me*, my daughter. Bertrand! there *is* a mystery I cannot fathom—and beneath its baleful influence the current of every affection of my heart seems to turn from you. Heaven forgive me, if what I do is wrong! And if *thou* art wronged, may it be so ordered that it shall appear manifest to my eyes, vouchsafing also that with my knowledge of the truth may come again those feelings which now are chilled into fears that drive me almost mad!"

She buried her face in the gray hairs of her father, as he bent over her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"This does, indeed, amaze me," exclaimed Bertrand; "but," added he, sarcastically, as he glanced at M. Boissard, "I begin to understand matters. A sentence of the criminal court, if bold-faced fraud should prosper, would be a quick conveyance of the estate at Artigues. I shall baffle you, however, by the aid of heaven and a righteous cause."

"It concerns not me, Arnaud du Tilh," said the Sieur d'Anglade, offering his arm to Henriette, who was in tears; "neither have I sought this; but wherein I can be useful to my good friend M. Boissard, and to his abused daughter, therein will I, according to my power."

They then left the house, and Bertrand remained in it alone, for the servant refused to stay.

The rumor of this discovery spread in a few hours through the whole city of Thoulouse; and it no sooner became rife, than many who knew Bertrand, and had never doubted his identity, began to grow suddenly dubious, remembering sundry remarkably circumstances, which they now said had excited their suspicions from the first; though, as it was no business of theirs, they held their tongues. Others wondered how Christine could have been deceived; while some made merry with the tale, concluding that Bertrand must have bewitched her with love-charms, or else, that she cunningly practised a seeming imposition on herself, to solace her widowhood, fearing to marry again, till she were assured of her husband's death.

The next day Bertrand was apprehended upon a warrant of the criminal court, and carried to prison. The ground of his arrest was a *bill of complaint* preferred before the criminal judge, by M. Boissard, in his daughter's name, setting forth that he had "falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon Christine de Rols in assuming the name, and passing himself upon her as Bertrand de Rols;" and praying, in conclusion, that "he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the king for the breach of his laws, to demand pardon, of heaven, the king, and Christine, with his head bare, and his feet naked, with a lighted torch in his hand; and that he should be further adjudged to pay the said Christine de Rols two thousand livres for the injuries he had done her."

To the astonishment of all parties, Bertrand, in his *answer* to this "bill of complaint," made no confession of the offences alleged against him, but boldly asserted he *was* the person he had represented himself to be. He declared the whole affair was a wicked conspiracy contrived by the father of Christine, with the aid of the Sieur d'Anglade, for the purpose of obtaining speedier possession of certain property which would fall to him at his (Bertrand's) death, and that they had prevailed upon his wife, Christine de Rols, who was a person of weak understanding, to join with them. He entered into an account of the reasons which had induced him to leave his home; set forth the various adventures he had gone through; stated how, at the end of seven years, he was seized with an ardent desire to return to his wife and child, and doing so, with what joy he had been received by Christine and his relations, notwithstanding the alterations which time, great fatigue, and the cutting off his hair, had caused. At the close he prayed that "his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe she would persist in denying the truth; that his calumniators, according to the laws of equity, might be condemned to suffer the punishments they called for upon him; that Christine should be taken out of the hands of his enemies, and be restrained from dissipating his effects; and finally, that he should be declared innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge."

The criminal judge cited Bertrand to appear before him, and subjected him to a rigorous private examination. He questioned him as to various matters which had happened in Thoulouse when he must have been a boy; the place of his birth, his father, mother, sisters, and other relations; his marriage with Christine; the persons who were present; their different dresses, the name of the priest who performed the ceremony, &c. To all these interrogatories Bertrand answered clearly and distinctly; and, as if not satisfied to have done thus much, he voluntarily spoke of his daughter Henriette, of the day she was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met on the road, of the towns he passed through on his way to Spain, and of numerous persons whom he knew in that country.

The next step was to obtain from Christine, her father, and others whom Bertrand had named, their answers to the same points. There was, substantially, a perfect correspondence between them; the discrepancies being of so insignificant a character that they could not be said to invalidate the truth of what Bertrand had asserted.

Thirteen witnesses were next examined, who declared upon oath, that the accused *was* Bertrand de Rols; that they had known him from his infancy, and that they were well acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice. On the other hand, an equal, if not greater number, declared he was *not* Bertrand de Rols; while the Sieur d'Anglade positively swore his name was Arnaud du Tilh, that he was born at Caen in Normandy, and that his family still resided there. A third class of witnesses were ready to swear, that if he were not Bertrand de Rols, there was such a wonderful resemblance between him and the true Bertrand, that it would be impossible to say which was which, were they standing side by side; thus seeming to confirm an observation of Lope de Vega, that nature, sometimes weary of designing new faces, copies, now and then, with admirable exactness, from those she has already produced.

The last attempt to solve this curious mystery, after the court had occupied several weeks with receiving evidence and hearing eloquent and ingenious counsel on both sides, was an order by the criminal judge to have two reports laid before him; the one as to the resemblance or non-resemblance of Henriette to the accused; the other, as to her likeness, or otherwise, to the sisters of Bertrand de Rols. These reports were accordingly made, and by the first, it appeared that Henriette did not resemble the accused at all; by the second, that she was very like her father's sisters.

At length the court named a day for pronouncing its sentence. It was in the following words:

"That *Arnaud du Tilh* is guilty and convicted of being an impostor; for which crime he is condemned to lose his head; and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

Every one cried out upon this sentence—every one asked, "What grounds has the judge for pronouncing it—unless, indeed, he has had the benefit of some divine inspiration to reveal the truth in a matter beset with doubts to all except himself?"

Bertrand complained vehemently of its injustice; and, without loss of time, appealed from the criminal court to the parliament of Thoulouse. This extraordinary cause having now exited intense interest, the appeal and the probable judgment of the parliament were the only subjects talked of throughout the city.

That august assembly, as soon as the necessary documents were properly before them, determined to make their inquisition not only with all due solemnity, but in a manner which should present the case in a new form, and with the best chances for unravelling its mystery.

In the first place, they ordered Christine and her father and the Sieur d'Anglade to be confronted with the accused in open court; but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations Bertrand maintained the same unperturbed countenance, the same air of confidence, and answered every question with the same calm promptitude that he had evinced throughout his former examinations. But M. de Boissard, and especially the timid, shrinking Christine, whether from being abashed by the awful dignity of the tribunal, or from terror, lest the dreadful sentence of the inferior court should be confirmed, betrayed so much confusion and hesitation in their replies, that a strong feeling was created at the very outset, in favor of the prisoner. It was not sufficient, however, to have before them the accusers and the accused merely. They directed that evidence should be heard as to the principal facts in dispute, but with this limitation, that none but *new* witnesses should be examined.

Several weeks were consumed in these inquiries, carried on, as they were, with the most minute attention to every circumstance that could by possibility tend to establish the necessary facts on either side. But instead of doing so, they seemed to involve it in tenfold confusion.

When the judicial investigation terminated, the president went through an elaborate recapitulation of the depositions of the witnesses. The evidence stood thus:

Five and forty witnesses affirmed positively that the accused was *not* Bertrand de Rols; and among them was a shoemaker of Thoulouse, who deposed, that he had made shoes for the true Bertrand de Rols, whose foot reached to the twelfth mark upon his rule, whereas the prisoner's foot reached no farther than the ninth mark. In addition to the testimony of the Sieur d'Anglade, as to his name being Arnaud du Tilh, an uncle of the accused was brought forward, who recognized and owned him for his nephew. One witness swore that the real Bertrand de Rols was an expert wrestler, while the accused knew nothing of wrestling. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochefort, passing through Thoulouse, was surprised at hearing the prisoner call himself Bertrand de Rols, he not only knowing his true name to be Arnaud du Tilh, but, what was more extraordinary, declaring that the real Bertrand de Rols was actually living in Flanders, with a wooden leg, having lost one of his legs during the wars in that country. Great exertions were made to find out this soldier, whose direct testimony would have been so important, but in vain.

On the other hand, there was nearly an equal number of witnesses who swore that the accused *was* the true Bertrand de Rols, and among them his three sisters, and the husbands of two of them! Persons also, who had been present at the marriage of Bertrand and Christine, deposed in favor of the accused; and the greater part of the witnesses were unanimous in affirming, that the true Bertrand de Rols had two flesh marks under his left eyebrow, that his right eye was bloodshot, the nail of the first finger on the left hand crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand. Every one of these was found to be on the person of the accused! It was considered a strong circumstance, likewise, in his favor, that though his wife now joined with her father in demanding justice upon him as an impostor, not only had she at first welcomed him as her husband, but had continued to live with him as such for three years, while many of the chief inhabitants of the city had eagerly given honorable testimony as to her moral character and other amiable qualities. This remarkable circumstance in favor of the accused, could not, therefore, be got rid of by any insinuations of improper motives operating a feigned deception, if deception there were, upon Christine.

Such being the singular aspect of this extraordinary case, after the parliament of Thoulouse had spent nearly two months in investigating it, the general opinion was that the judgment of the inferior court would be reversed. The parliament, however, (determined to give the subject the full benefit of mature and dispassionate deliberation,) deferred for fourteen days pronouncing its sentence.

Before the time expired, there was a rumor that the real Bertrand de Rols had arrived in Thoulouse. This report reached the ears of Christine. She devoutly prayed it might be true. She wished to see her husband once more, to receive his pardon, and then, if it were heaven's will she should continue to live, to pass the remainder

of her days in a convent, expiating by hourly orisons and frequent penance her involuntary crime.

The fact was, emissaries had been secretly dispatched by the president of the parliament into Flanders, with instructions to use every possible means for discovering whether, as the soldier had declared, Bertrand du Rols was serving with the army there. They were successful in finding a person of that name, and with a wooden leg; and he declared himself to be the individual they wanted. He affirmed, moreover, that he was well acquainted with Arnaud du Tilh, and had heard of the process carrying on before the parliament of Thoulouse; but, believing his wife had played him false, in pretending she was the dupe of an impostor, he had resolved to let the matter end as it might, with a determination never to return to his native place. It was with great reluctance, consequently, he consented to accompany the officers back, (or rather yielded to the coersion they were prepared to use if he resisted,) a circumstance which tended to create the suspicion that perhaps he would turn out to be the impostor.

When he arrived at Thoulouse he underwent many private examinations upon all the matters to which the other had spoken. His answers were exactly the same; but he mentioned two or three rather particular circumstances, with respect to which no questions had been put to the accused, who was therefore immediately examined upon those new points, when it appeared he was perfectly acquainted with them. As to the personal resemblance, it was so wonderful, that the president himself could not refrain from exclaiming, "Methinks I must forgive my own wife's taking another, if she could show me such a likeness of myself for her apology!"

Hitherto they had not been confronted; but when the reputed Arnaud du Tilh was informed of the arrival of Bertrand, he not only boldly denounced *him* as the impostor, but declared he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove him such.

It was now ordered by the parliament that the two men should be attired exactly alike; and, on a day appointed, be placed side by side in open court, when all the witnesses who had been examined together should be brought in, one after the other, and point out which was the true Bertrand.

The day came. The court was crowded. Never had any occurrence in Thoulouse excited such an absorbing interest. Elevated on a platform, hung round with black, sat the true Bertrand and the counterfeit; but which was the true, and which was the counterfeit, it seemed hardly possible to determine. All eyes were fixed upon them; while a confused murmur of voices, and the words—"That is he!"—"No, *that* is Bertrand."—"I tell you that is Arnaud du Tilh—the *other* is Bertrand de Rols," were heard in half whispers from a hundred different tongues.

Silence was proclaimed. The witnesses, one by one, were introduced, a long white staff being placed in their hands, with which they were ordered to touch the person whom they recognized as Bertrand de Rols, but without speaking. The clerk took down the number of each; and when the whole had gone through the ceremony, it appeared that forty-four witnesses declared Arnaud du Tilh to be Bertrand de Rols, while fifty-one pronounced upon the identity of the other. The three sisters of Bertrand were next introduced. The eldest of them, the moment she cast her eyes upon the two men, rushed towards the platform, and threw her arms round the neck of him she had not seen for ten years.

"Behold!" said she, turning round to the president, "THIS is my brother! I acknowledge the error into which that wretch (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) has betrayed me by a multitude of artifices."

Bertrand returned her embraces, mingling his tears with hers. The other two sisters recognized their brother in the same manner, and bestowed upon him the same marks of affection. A buzz of astonishment, mingled with exclamations of delight and rage, pervaded the court; but silence was commanded, for there was yet another evidence to be produced. It was Christine herself!

She is led trembling to the platform by her venerable father, and the tender devoted Henriette. Her head and face are shrouded in the thick folds of a black veil. At first every look is directed towards him whom every heart has already pronounced to be her husband. He is much moved; but on his countenance there dwells a stern and wrathful expression. Then the general gaze is turned upon Christine, whose long-drawn sighs and heavy sobs are audible. She has reached the platform—she ascends it. Henriette whispers something in her ear. She lifts her veil—she raises slowly her eyes, and fixes them for a moment upon him she thought her husband, who shrinks from their scrutiny. There is a pause. He who is her husband has caught a glimpse of her pallid features, and his agitation is extreme. Her eyes met his—a convulsive shudder runs through her veins—as if smote by death, she sinks lifeless at his feet, exclaiming, in a tone of piercing anguish, "Heaven! heaven! I AM guilty!"

"Bertrand de Rols! Bertrand de Rols!" burst forth on all sides, with cries of "justice! justice!" The emotions of the spectators were wound up to the highest pitch, and many vented loud execrations upon the impostor, whose countenance was as a mask to the terrible pangs which now fastened on his soul.

When silence was restored, the president ordered Arnaud du Tilh to be removed into the little iron cell in which criminals were placed to receive sentence. With a firm step, and an undaunted air, he descended from the platform, still asserting his innocence. Christine, meanwhile, was carried out of court, followed by her husband and several friends, who crowded round him to offer congratulations, which he received very coldly.

The president, after a solemn admonition, and dwelling with eloquent emphasis upon the irrefragable testimony of nature, afforded by the joyous feelings of the sisters, and the remorse of the innocent, though self-accused Christine, pronounced the following sentence upon the prisoner:

"That he, Arnaud du Tilh, should make *amende honorable* in the market-place of Thoulouse, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; that he should there demand pardon of heaven, the king, and the justice of the nation; also, of Bertrand de Rols, and Christine his wife; which being done, the said Arnaud du Tilh should be delivered into the hands of the public executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places of the city of Thoulouse, with a rope about his neck, should conduct him before the house of the said Bertrand de Rols, where, on a gallows set up for the purpose, he should be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body to be burned."

This sentence was executed to the letter on the following day. But before the wretched criminal was led out to undergo it, he made a full confession of his guilt, declaring that his thoughts were first directed to the crime for which he was about to suffer from having been mistaken for Bertrand de Rols by some of Bertrand's most intimate friends, while he was in camp in Picardy. From them he learned many circumstances concerning his father, wife, sisters, and other relations of Bertrand, together with various things which had happened to him before he left Thoulouse. Having also a sort of brotherly acquaintance with Bertrand himself, the moment he conceived the design of representing him, he had used that acquaintance to obtain from him, at various times, a multitude of particulars, which enabled him, with the aid of a quick invention and profound artifices, to practise so successfully the fraud he had.

Christine did not long survive. Innocent though she knew herself to be of all that could really constitute the guilt of her unhappy condition, she could not purify her thoughts; she could not cleanse her memory; while she shrunk with loathing from the idea that there might be some who, in the grossness of their own conceptions, would refuse to believe she had not wantonly favored the deception. Bertrand himself, indeed, was one of these; for when her father, without the knowledge of Christine—(she only wished to be forgiven by her husband)—touched once upon the extenuating circumstances of the case, the bitter mockery with which he repelled the old man's kindly-meant endeavors, convinced him there was a persuasion rankling in his mind which nothing could assuage. "Spare your words," said he. "Intimate friends, nearest relations, father and mother even, *may* be deceived; *my* sisters, *my* friends have been; but a wife—tush! a wife can be deceived only as a man may swear he does not see the blazing sun at noon, when he shuts his eyes because he will not see it!"

Entreaties were equally vain to prevail upon Bertrand to continue at Thoulouse. Either he was still enamored of the roaming and adventurous life which first tempted him to leave it, or his mind was incurably diseased by what had occurred; for, after making a legal settlement of his little property upon Henriette, he disappeared one morning without taking leave of her, his wife, or sisters; and in less than six months from that time, Christine, the victim of a self-accusing spirit, went to her grave unblamed of any tongue save her husband's!

[A writer who taxed his invention to *imagine* such a case as the above, would run no small hazard of having Horace flung in his teeth:

"Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."

But we are as innocent as our friend Dogberry in having used any art, except in the characters, situations, sentiments, and catastrophe. The *main incidents*, of a man being so personated, the trial of the impostor, the conflicting testimony of the witnesses, the sentence of the criminal court, the appeal to the parliament of Thoulouse, and the execution of the criminal, actually occurred in the sixteenth century. They are to be found among *Les Causes Célèbres*.] New Monthly Magazine.

## THE FINE ARTS.

### MADAME BRICHTA'S CONCERT.

The concert commenced with the overture from "*La Gazza Ladra*," of Rossini. It is a spirited composition, almost throughout *allegro*, and may be rendered brilliant even by a small orchestra. It was pretty well performed, though, in the *maestoso marziale* the instruments were out of time. Next followed a duet from "*Elisa e Claudio*," of Mercadante, sung by Messrs. Fehrman and Angrisani. It contains much graceful melody; but the voices of the two gentlemen harmonized so little, that much of the effect was lost. Madame Brichta succeeded them with the cavatina "*Lungi del caro ben*," of Paccini. The nature of her voice does not permit her to select for herself songs of much compass. *Contra alto* voices are seldom very clear, and often false in the higher chords; but, by close application and great practice, she has acquired the talent of overcoming difficulties with correctness and facility. The approbation of the audience was abundant testimony that they were highly pleased with her performance. Mr. Segura followed with a concerto on the violin by Lafon. He possesses execution and neatness, but needs still more grace and taste in *adagio* and *andante* passages. Madame Brichta appeared again, and sung the famous "*Air a la Tyrolienne*," "*Cavino senti un poco come batte questo core*," with variations by Hummel. When Signorina Garcia first brought this piece before the public, (in London) she gained universal applause, and so will every singer who knows how to practise these variations, and to deliver them with taste. They afforded Madame Brichta an excellent opportunity to display her musical abilities; it was her *chef d'œuvre*, which exhibited strength of tone, elegance, and judgment. Mr. Fehrman sung again the cavatina, "*Il mio piano è preparato*," from "*La Gazza Ladra*." It is well calculated for his voice, and may become a favorite here. Madame Brichta performed a *Thema*, with variations, by Czerni, on the piano-forte. Though they were not intended to display the powers of a performer, they nevertheless discovered that she joins with good execution much certainty and precision; there is considerable boldness and freshness in her play; it needs, however, more taste and shade. Mr. Taylor succeeded this piece with a *fantasia* on the flute, by Tolou. It is to be regretted that his modesty and bashfulness should so much embarrass him as to injure his performance. There is no necessity for this. If Mr. Taylor but practises, he will play with even the facility of Mr. Cuddy; though the latter is peculiarly graceful and expressive. There remains yet much to admire in the performance of Mr. Taylor, especially his *staccato*.

The second part commenced with the overture to "*William Tell*," the best of Rossini's instrumental compositions, in which he appears to have kept Weber, Spohr, and Beethoven constantly in view. The horn and violoncello solos are highly interesting; but in the *allegro* he falls again into his ordinary carelessness. On the present occasion the orchestra was too feeble to do it justice; the violoncello parts, by Mr. Hutet, were, however, remarkably well performed. Madame Brichta and Mr. Fehrman followed with a duet of Orlandi, which was somewhat deformed by want of precision and accuracy in the accompaniment. Signor Angrissani succeeded them with an *aria* from Otello, but he has not sufficient compass of voice to render high tenor airs interesting. "*Ah! si per voi gia sento*," a *marziale vivace*, needs a powerful voice, in which the *falsetto* does not appear to advantage. Madame Brichta favored us once more with Morlacchi's beautiful romance, "*Notte tremenda*," pathetic, touching, and expressive, with a perfect intonation. The audience manifested their delight by repeated peals of applause. Signor Martinez played Riego's March on the guitar. He possesses good execution, though not equal to Mr. Shmidt, nor to Huerta; this performance, however, pleased, and after being loudly *encored*, he played a subject with several beautiful variations. A grand march of Segura formed the *finale*.

### THE GRAND ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH.

This performance by the New-York Sacred Music Society will take place next Thursday, at St. Paul's church. It may be questioned whether any other city in the Union can boast of an institution capable of producing an oratorio with more propriety, strength, and effect than will be displayed in the Messiah, about to be presented to the public. An admission to several of the rehearsals enables us to speak confidently of the delightful banquet in preparation for the lovers of sacred music, and to assert that this branch of the art bids fair to be improved in an eminent degree. The society, from its own resources, furnishes the choral department, the leader of the band, and the principal strength of the orchestra. The score, with Mozart's accompaniments, and the copies for instrumental and vocal performers will be printed separately; and the best artists are employed to render the work complete. The vocal performers include the first talent in the country, engaged expressly for the occasion. Mrs. Austin leads the *soprano*, Mr. Jones the *tenor*, Madame Brichta the *contra alto*, and Mr. Kyle the *bass*.

The production of the oratorio of the Messiah, complete in all its branches, has long been a desideratum in this city, which, from its wealth, its location, and its constant communication with Europe, possesses ample opportunities of encouraging the fine arts. It is not only a beautiful adaptation of the scriptures to music, but in itself forms an interesting work on divinity. No individual ever selected words for a subject with more effect than the learned divine who assisted Handel. The Messiah consists solely of quotations from holy writ, prophetic of the advent of Christ, and descriptive of his mission and sufferings, and it embodies the strongest mass of evidence which can be collected. Dr. Jackson, the tutor of the late king of England, and dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, once stated that his musical pupils generally passed their examination for graduation in divinity with more *eclat* than others, and he attributed it to the fact that the history of the Redeemer was continually and eloquently laid before them in the works of Handel.

The fully awakened feeling upon musical subjects which pervades the city will, we think, ensure a crowded auditory for the encouragement of this young society, in their laudable undertaking to perform Handel's entire Messiah for the first time in the United States.

### MR. BURR'S MAPS.

One number of a series of maps has been published in this city. It is a favorable specimen of a work much wanted. All young scholars should have it on their table. It is intended to furnish maps of every country in the world; a design of such obvious utility as to scarcely require any recommendation.

### VIEWS IN NEW-YORK.

The engravings to accompany the third number of this publication, are quite superior to those of its predecessors. The artist has displayed great taste and skill—much more than we thought him capable of. There is delicate and beautiful work in the plate of the city hotel. We must so far overstep the modesty of nature as to assure the public that these plates, as some celebrated essayist once observed of virtue, "are really excellent, and ought to be encouraged."

### GREENOUGH'S CHANTING CHERUBS.

This beautiful marble group is now exhibiting at the American Academy of Fine Arts, in Chambers-street.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### REVERIES OF A STUDENT.

It is to be regretted that men do not look more into the conformation of themselves and the surrounding universe. How many curious and sublime themes of wonder and adoration are continually neglected by crowds, who bend all their faculties to the accomplishment of some local and insignificant purpose. You shall find a young man devoting his time to a money-making trade or profession, yielding his whole attention to some paltry political excitement, or undermining his health and peace by irregular and enervating enjoyments, and yet totally ignorant of the manner of his own organization; and a lively miss dying for the next new novel, completely out of humor that her dress has not come home, or wearied to death on a rainy day for the want of something to do, yet never suspecting that she does not draw a breath, or move a limb, or once lift the lids from those pretty discontented eyes, without affording to an intelligent and awakened mind material for months of meditation. Thus many of our belles are nothing except when talking of the fashions! and our beaux, however flippant and facetious about ribbons, theatres, and other common topics, are silent when the conversation takes any higher turn. A worthy of this kind, although often vastly favored in fashionable circles, should he meet one who has enlarged her mind by reading and reflection, may be talked out of countenance immediately. I have seen a clever girl strike consternation through a whole company of young coxcombs, by mentioning a point of history, or asking a simple question in astronomy or natural philosophy; and was last evening greatly rejoiced by the friendly interference of another in giving this temporary lock-jaw to an impertinent fop, who had for some time monopolized the attention of the company, and carried off all the smiles of the females.

Will you permit me, gentlemen, the liberty of observing, that you are in some measure guilty of promoting the light and unmeaning character which prevails too generally? Might not your pages be more frequently filled with subjects calculated to lead the minds of your readers out of the common track? The account, in your last Mirror, of the blind girl, threw me into a train of serious reflection upon the structure of the eye, with descriptions of which I have frequently amused myself when at leisure. The influence of vision on the character and intellect has also been among the subjects of my speculations. I know of no more amusing works than those on natural philosophy and history. Some author observes, the examination of the eye is a cure for atheism. Indeed every thing in nature, if properly understood, leads the mind to a perception of the Almighty contriver; yet, perhaps, there is no object more striking and beautiful than the one above mentioned, by the study of which to demonstrate his existence, power, tenderness, and wisdom.

In speaking of the eye, philosophers have compared it to a telescope; except that, in it, the mechanism can only be traced to a certain point, when it becomes confounded with the immaterial part of the human system; whereas, in the other, every part is traced throughout and understood. Mr. Paley, in his excellent work, entitled "Natural Theology," mentions an anecdote, which renders the resemblance yet more apparent. For a long time objects viewed through dioptric telescopes appeared tinged with various hues around the edges, as if viewed through a prism. The cause of this was understood to be the separation of the pencils of light into different colors, in passing through glass lenses. An optician at length thought of examining in what way this difficulty was obviated in the construction of the eye, and perceived that the evil was there cured by combining together lenses composed of substances which possessed different refracting powers, and from that time the defect has been corrected in telescopes, by the use of glasses made from different materials. Among the most exquisite evidences of skill displayed by this organ are its adaptation to different degrees of light, the diversity of distance at which it can view objects, and the manner in which nature has secured its safety and preservation. The reader need scarcely be told that the pupil in the centre of the *iris* is the aperture through which the rays of light pass, forming the image on the *retina* at the bottom, and that the picture is here reflected as on the table of a *camera obscura*, and thence conveyed by means infinitely beyond human investigation to the brain. We cannot too much admire the power possessed by the pupil of contracting and dilating, according to the strength of the light. The interesting writer above alluded to has so well written a passage upon the subject, that I shall be excused for quoting it here.

"The eyes of fishes also, compared with those of terrestrial animals, exhibit certain distinctions of structure, adapted to their state and element. We have already observed upon the figure of the crystalline compensating by its roundness the density of the medium through which their light passes. To which we have to add, that the eyes of fish, in their natural and indolent state, appear to be adjusted to near objects, in this respect differing from the human eye, as well as those of quadrupeds and birds. The ordinary shape of the fish's eye being in a much higher degree convex than that of land animals, a corresponding difference attends its muscular conformation, viz. that it is throughout calculated for *flattening* the eye.

"The iris also in the eyes of fish does not admit of contraction. This is a great difference, of which the probable reason is, that the diminished light in water is never too strong for the retina.

"In the eel, which has to work its head through sand and gravel, the roughest and harshest substances, there is placed before the eye, and at some distance from it, a transparent, horny, convex case, or covering, which, without obstructing the sight, defends the organ. To such an animal could any thing be more wanted, or more useful?

"Thus, in comparing together the eyes of different kinds of animals, we see, in their resemblances and distinction, one general plan laid down, and that plan varied with the varying exigencies to which it is to be applied.

"There is one property, however, common, I believe to all eyes, at least to all which have been examined, namely, that the optic nerve enters the bottom of the eye, not in the centre or middle, but a little on one side; not in the point where the axis of the eye meets the retina, but between that point and the nose. The difference which this makes is, that no part of an object is unperceived by both eyes at the same time.

"In considering vision as achieved by the means of an image formed at the bottom of the eye, we can never reflect without wonder upon the smallness, yet correctness of the picture, the subtilty of the touch, the fineness of the lines. A landscape of five or six square leagues is brought into a space of half an inch diameter; yet the multitude of objects which it contains are all preserved; are all discriminated in their magnitudes, positions, figures, colors. The prospect from Hampstead-hill is compressed into the compass of a sixpence, yet circumstantially represented. A stage-coach, travelling at its ordinary speed for half an hour, passes, in the eye, only over one-twelfth of an inch, yet is this change of place in the image distinctly perceived throughout its whole progress; for it is only by means of that perception that the motion of the coach itself is made sensible to the eye. If any thing can abate our admiration of the smallness of the visual tablet compared with the extent of vision, it is a reflection, which the view of nature leads us, every hour, to make, viz. that, in the hands of the Creator, great and little are nothing."

The mere mechanical structure of the eye, however, appears not the greatest wonder. After the image is formed on the retina, in what way does it reach the brain, and become an idea? How does it dwell afterwards in the memory? How does an object at a distance so communicate with the soul, and through it so act upon the body, as to produce smiles or tears, make the heart beat, the frame tremble, and perhaps the springs of life break, and the spirit separate from its tenement? How does it *express* what is passing within, flash with rage, glare with horror, or soften into tenderness and love?

It is wonderfully curious thus to trace the material perfection of the organ, till it loses itself in the spiritual part of our system, acts, as with a magical instinct separate from the rules of matter, and communicates so mysteriously with the soul. At one time behold the eye, by the aid of a microscope, piercing into the most secret machinery of nature. It there has a perception of creatures, which, however small, display organization and faculties to lead the fancy on to an infinity of unutterably minute creations. From the contemplation of these behold it turn to, seize, and carry to the mind any gigantic image, a high mountain, the ocean, or the like. How its operations are expanded! How it stretches itself to the grandeur and importance of its task; and how, by its aid, the soul is acted on, enlarged, and elevated, and filled with a throng of grand and inspiring ideas. Perhaps I cannot close this article more appropriately than by calling the reader's memory to the following fine lines from the fourth canto of Childe Harold. They apply to the church of St. Peter at Rome, and are applicable to my subject from the philosophical accuracy with which they depict the gradual awakening of the imagination, when appealed to through the eye by any stupendous object.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackall in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and then
Shall one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

"Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

"Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty gradations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

"Not by its fault—but thine: our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

"Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can."—Sedley.

## FUGITIVE SKETCHES.

### NOTES UPON A RAMBLE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Fifteen or twenty miles above the junction of the St. Lawrence with the Utawa, the steamer, in which we had made a part of our passage, came to a landing at a small mongrel village on the south shore. Between here and the Utawa lay the rapids of the Split Rock, the most dangerous upon the river. We had been told, however, by some acquaintances who had passed us at Prescott, that the excitement of running them in a batteau was worth the hazard, and by the time the coaches were ready for the ladies, who were to take the road down upon the bank, we had hired a flat-bottomed boat of the country, with a dozen stout Canadians, and embarked. For the first mile or two we ran side by side with the company on shore, and kept up a very animating communication by shouting and signals; but we soon shot ahead at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour, and became too much engrossed with our own adventure to find time to regret the parting. The water was very low, and the rocks, of course, much more prominent and dangerous than usual. For myself, I soon became dizzy with the motion. The waves broke over us constantly; and spite of the most voluble French oaths of our boatmen, and their utmost exertions, we were whirled about by every sweep of the current, with a suddenness and rapidity which took away our breath. An egg-shell in a brook running down a hill-side would make much such a passage. It was not with an ordinary degree of satisfaction that I set my foot once more upon solid land. We arrived at the point where the two rivers meet, a half-hour sooner than our land travellers, wet to the skin, and glad to use the interval we had gained to recover our self-possession. The next boat lay on the Utawa side, and we embarked at sunset upon this most beautiful of rivers, repeating the fine stanzas of Moore, with an enthusiasm which could scarce have been exceeded upon the same spot by the poet's own. An hour or two after, the moon rose magnificently, and, with a delightful party who had joined us, we spent hour after hour upon deck, waltzing, and singing, and promenading—the gayest and happiest, I cannot but think, of all whom that night's moon shone upon. For myself, I look upon it as one of those few and rare moments in my life which I could have wished eternal. I do not believe I am capable of a more full and even pulse of happiness than beat that night under the bright moon to the measure of a rude waltz sung by our Canadian sailors. I have danced to the finest instrumental music, and in the blaze of a hundred lamps with a duller heart.

I had lain in my berth an hour, unable to sleep after so much excitement, when a universal cry from the ladies' cabin roused the whole boat's company from their beds. We were upon deck in an instant, ladies and all; our indistinct apprehensions and loud voices contrasting strangely with the beautiful quiet of midnight upon the breezeless and moon-lit river. It was difficult to come at the story with fifty narrators all telling it at once, but we made out, after a while, that one of the ladies, lying awake, saw a man enter the cabin on tiptoe and extinguish the candle. The moon shone in strongly, and she observed him, after listening a moment, approach one of the berths in which a watch ticked very loudly, and immediately heard a scream. In feeling for the watch, he had laid his hand accidentally on the owner's face. A general outcry followed, and in the confusion the fellow escaped. The cabin was searched, the ladies' fears quieted, and we once more parted for the night. The last person to enter the gentlemen's cabin was a powerful, irascible Scotchman, the husband of the lady who had been so unceremoniously disturbed. He came in boiling with passion, and depositing a horse-pistol upon the table, prepared to retire. In the confusion of his faculties, however, his idea of the cabin had got reversed, and going to a berth directly opposite his own, he, of course, found it occupied. It immediately struck him that the occupant must be the thief, who had taken advantage of his absence to secrete himself in the vacant place. He cocked his pistol instantly, dragged the man, half asleep, from his berth, and presenting it at his head, commanded him to confess the robbery. It was rather an appalling demand, but the culprit declared his innocence very positively, and one of the gentlemen setting the enraged Scotchman right about the localities of the cabin, he made an apology, and we once more betook ourselves to our dreams.

At La Chine, nine miles above Montreal, we took the land again, and at ten o'clock entered the suburbs of the Canadian capital. It can scarcely be conceived what a strange air and aspect they present to the eye of a New Englander. The lower population is mainly French, and the style of architecture, the dress of the people, and the furniture of the rooms, (which had large windows, without sashes or blinds, into which we looked easily as we passed) were totally different from our own. The houses were all alike, built with one story, close upon the street, the whole interior exposed to the passers by, and the women and children sitting upon the steps in front, chattering with true French volubility, and dressed with more attention to show than decency. The men were fine, picturesque-looking fellows, in caps and red sashes, dark haired, and with

clear olive complexions. It seemed impossible that by merely crossing a river one could find such a perfectly different population.

We obtained lodgings at the new Masonic-hall, a splendid hotel, overlooking the St. Lawrence from the rear piazzas, and at that time extremely well kept. I commend the rooms upon the river side to all travelling lovers of the comfortable picturesque. It is not an every-day pleasure to sit upon the ottoman in one's own window, and see one of the most magnificent rivers in the world rolling in the moon-light beneath. We spent a gay week in Montreal. The parades upon the Champ de Mars were, like those of all British troops, very splendid, and aside from the military evolutions, the fine music drew together the fashion and beauty of the city, and it was, for an hour or two of each day, a most delightful lounge. The drive round the mountain was another pleasant incident; the views as you descend towards Montreal being extremely fine; and between these, and boatings upon the river, and visits to the nunneries, we had little time unemployed, and less unamused. I was awaked one morning by the matin bells of a convent near by at sunrise. I arose immediately, and went out with the intention of seeing the night mist roll up from the river—always one of the most beautiful sights, to me, in nature. In passing through a narrow street, I observed an open gate, which disclosed the prettily cultivated yard of a back chapel. Girls and children of all ages were entering to their morning devotions, and spite of their surprised looks, I went in with them and entered the open oratory. With the exception of the priest, I was the only male there; and I stood unobserved by him behind one of the pillars, till the kneeling part of the service was over. Some thirty or forty nuns were kneeling round the room, whose faces I did not see till they arose, and then but for a moment. I had merely time to glance round, and observe that they were all advanced somewhat in years, and not very temptingly beautiful, when the priest stepped forward and requested me politely to retire. I apologized for my mistake, but was not displeased to have seen, even as an intruder, the interior of a forbidden sanctuary. As I went out I stopped a moment to speak to a nun in a long black stole, who was ringing the matin bell in a small recess at the side of the entrance, but though the color came very prettily over her cheek and forehead, she would make me no answer; and plucking a branch of sweetbriar from the wall of the chapel, as a memorial of the adventure, I passed on.

The morning was a glorious one. I reached the side of the river just as the mist was hovering, with the merely perceptible motion of a west wind, upon the line of the opposite shore. It lay in long wavy wreaths, in whose thin skirts Ossian's most delicate spirit might have been "folded," swaying into curves as it rose, with the wonderful gracefulness peculiar to such slight bodies. The boats were just beginning to move out from the shores upon their daily occupations, the voices of the sailors from the different craft lying in the river were distinctly audible, and the regular sweep of the oars plying upon a long raft far off upon the other side, came over the smooth water with a measured harmony, not a little "tunable to the ear." I thought, as I never have failed to think, when chance has driven me out at daybreak, that lying a-bed at so sweet an hour was a sin against nature. It is well that, like the fruits of the earth, her beauties are so prodigal, that waste still leaves plenty. But it is worth the while, even of those who see only the setting sun's loveliness, and prefer being "minions of the moon" to leaving their pillows early, to get up once in a while with the day, and see "what a glory nature can put on."

We embarked that day in a splendid steamer for Quebec. The river widens so much below Montreal, and the shores are so low and uniform that there was little amusement in the passage beyond the tafferel of the deck. By making five meals a day, however, reading a little, and eating a great deal, we contrived not to be weary of each other and the world till a decent bed-time. A late sleep the next morning brought us to Quebec, at the only rational breakfast hour—ten o'clock. The approach to this nobly fortified city is imposing in the extreme. Whereas Silliman's Journal, however, and travellers innumerable have described all its wonders, and exhausted all the apostrophes a gentleman cares to use, I shall pass over my sensations at the approach, begging the reader to take for granted all the enthusiasm proper on such an occasion.

The first thing which caught my eye on nearing the pier was a Highlander, in full national military costume. He was an immense fellow, (as indeed all the men of this Scotch regiment were,) and his fierce dress, high cheek bones, and enormous cap, gave his appearance the physical superiority of a giant. His jacket, kilt, and mantle were of plaid, the kilt reaching not quite to the knee, and leaving his legs bare down to the plaided stocking, which a little more than covered his ankle. The ladies were a little shocked at his appearance, and for myself I wondered if the Indian's principle of "face all over," would keep a bare leg warm during a Canadian winter. I never saw a more warlike figure, and the next day, upon parade, the contrast between this wild dress, and the tame neatness of the English regiments, was very striking. I would have pitted those fifty Highlanders against five hundred of their close-coated neighbors. The colonel of the Scotch regiment was one of the old legendary line of Douglas's—a huge man, seven feet in height, and well proportioned. He quite realized one's ideal of Roderick Dhu. An additional interest was attached to the corps he commanded, from its having been conspicuous at the battle of Waterloo. Nearly all the soldiers composing it wore the order of merit won upon that field.

I could not help observing, by the way, (talking of soldiers,) how singularly a garrison town appears to an unwarlike Yankee. The familiarity of soldiers with the citizens, the mingling, without notice, of red coats and frieze coats, the domestic uses the common soldiers are put to, hewing wood and drawing water—it was all queer and amusing to us. In a shop four feet by two, stocked with gingerbread and knitting-needles, would be seen sitting a six-foot grenadier, chatting with the old lady or her daughter. I saw one fellow sitting on a tailor's shop-board, and kicking his heels against the counter, in the most familiar converse with Master Snip. Indeed, the tailor had the air of a better man. Another, a corporal by his chevron, held a man's horse and took a shilling for it. Are these men, then, stuff for heroes? The question was as natural as to breathe.

The hotels in Quebec—I tell it on the compulsion of veracity—are famous for two small evils—fleas and famine. One aggravates the other. Violent exercise in self-defence, during the night, produces appetite, and thin commons make the skin loose and sensitive. (So they starve veal before it is killed for the market.) The water here is bad; it is impregnated with lime, and strangers are often detained for weeks by the debility it causes. A gentleman who is properly bred escapes, of course—never drinking that element.

The first thing one does in any place is to deliver his letters, and the next thing in Quebec is to visit the government-house. An English gentleman, to whom we came introduced, procured for us a huge seal, the necessary passport at the gate, and we entered, under its protection, the residence of Lord (I think that is his title) Dalhousie, the governor of the Canadas. The housekeeper led the way, showing us, with an air of expected astonishment, "my lord's library," and "my Lady's China closet," and "my young master's portrait," and "my young lady mistress's boudoir," as if we were a parcel of raw islanders who had never seen a looking glass. The rooms were simply furnished, but the only imposing thing about them was their number—a hundred drawing-rooms in New-York and Boston far out-shining them in splendor and effect. It is somewhat farcical to see how even the better bred people of Quebec expect Yankees to be astonished with pier mirrors and damask curtains. I formed a favorable idea of Lord Dalhousie, from seeing over the writing-desk of his private library, a fine engraving of Washington. It was the only picture in the room. The only thing I envied him was the morocco chair Mrs. Margery assured us he sat in—a beautifully constructed dormeuse—I think the easiest I ever saw. I made a drawing of it, and thank his lordship for the greatest bodily comfort I enjoy, sitting at this present in one built upon the model.

We passed from the governor's residence to the fortifications. There can be no doubt, I should think, in any one's mind after visiting them, that they are perfectly impregnable. There seems to be, indeed, a most unnecessary labor and expense wasted on them. A hundred men of stout hearts would maintain a place half as well fortified against the world. Starving or smoking them out would be the only process I should dream of as an assailant.

We were so fortunate as to hear, during the day, that a young lady was to take the veil the next morning at daybreak. We went in a violent rain to the chapel of the Ursuline convent accordingly at five o'clock, and secured places near the altar. We had been there a few minutes, when the black curtain hung before the grating which separated the nun's chapel from the public one was withdrawn, and a young girl of sixteen appeared, dressed with great elegance. It is the custom, we were told, to wear even an excess of finery on such occasions; probably to make the abandonment of the world more striking. I looked very narrowly at the face of the novice as she approached. Her eyes were certainly magnificent—large, soft, liquid eyes, formed, if I know anything of symptoms, for the expression of the most passionate feelings. Her mouth and chin, however, were weakly marked and irresolute, and she would easily have been selected from a crowd for one of that numerous class of females who, with a great deal of material for character, are too passive ever to develop it, except by the force of fortunate circumstances. She was evidently a well-bred girl, but with so rosy a cheek as she wore, it was impossible to get up any sympathy for her in the sentiment line. I cannot conceive that a creature in such riant health should have any motive beyond bread and butter for entering a nunnery. I would have wagered the superb moccasons I bought at the Sorel, that she cuts the sisterhood at the end of her noviciate. Still, the ceremony was solemn. After the prayers were read by the holy father, and a chant sung by the thirty or forty black nuns on the other side of the lattice, (not a voice uncracked among them—I never heard such a villanous discord) two of them came forward and stripped her of her finery, bonnet, ribbons, and laces, leaving her simply attired in a white dress, with her black hair put plainly away from her forehead. She would have made a lovely picture. They then put a wax candle in one hand, and a book in the other, and commenced another chant, in which she sung the solos with a voice that might have done honor to "*c'est l'amour*." There was a lurking devil in it, or I was deceived. Her soft tones were in fine contrast with the split pipes of the venerable sisters, and in the last stave or two she sung with a spirit that could never have sprung from a heavy heart. It destroyed the romance of the thing quite. After the chant, to my surprise, she fell suddenly on her face, and a nun stepped forward and threw a black cloth over her. Not understanding the ceremony at all, I thought she had fainted, but some one at my elbow said it was done to signify that she was buried to the world. She was presently uncovered, and they proceeded to dress her in the Ursuline habit—an exceedingly unbecoming one to any but a pretty woman. The nuns then came forward one by one and kissed her; the lady abbess set up a chant, and as they slowly paced out of the chapel, the curtain dropped, and the ceremony was over. "She is the bride of heaven," said I "I should prefer an earthly bridegroom," responded the gayest lady of the party; and we went home to breakfast.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Specimens of the Novelists and Romancers, with Critical and Biographical Notices of the Authors. By Richard Griffin. First American from the second Edinburgh edition. Two vols. 12mo. New York: J. Langdon. 1831.

The superabundance of novelists for which the present age is responsible will, we fear, form but too good an apology for epitomizing and selecting. Many a piquant and amusing author will shrink from two or three volumes into a few pages of one, and may esteem himself extremely fortunate if posterity ever gets even a glimpse of him, thus rescued by the intermediation of a work of specimens. In this compilation the general reader will discover much to amuse him. The critical notices are well written, however we may dissent from some of their opinions. Extracts from thirty authors are given, among whom are Godwin, Lockhart, Mackenzie, Boccaccio, Maturin, Sage, Scott, Voltaire, and Galt. A few richly humorous passages are offered from Irving's "New-York," which the critic very frankly pronounces "so completely a performance, *sui generis*, that no production, either of the American or any other press, of past or of present times, can for a moment be put in competition with it." Here is a sprightly extract from Theodore Hook:

"Danvers was in an exceedingly good humor, and having himself been mightily pleased with the compliments which had been paid to his talents after dinner at his grace's, felt a sort of complacent disposition to dispense compliments in his turn, for, if his wife had been flattered at the marchioness's by the civilities and attentions of one half of the cabinet, the other half had been sedulously employed in winning the affections of her happy husband at the duke's. It was amusing to me, speculating as I do on the manners and ways of this world, to mark the various little by paths which these noble and learned men took to assail the vanity and procure the esteem of this once neglected genius. Danvers, when simply Thomas Burton, Esq., member of the honorable society of the Inner Temple, had written, of course, 'merely for his amusement, and published at the earnest desire of his partial friends, extremely against his own inclination,' a collection of 'Poetical Trifles,' a 'Sonnet to half a rose-leaf,' 'Lines to Maria's Canary-bird,' 'Albert and Adeline,' 'Elegy on the loss of a dear cousin,' 'Ode on Shooter's-hill,' 'The Parson and the Lawyer,' a comic tale, sundry epigrams, a song adapted to a Babylonish melody, and introduced by Miss Stephens into Guy Mannering, 'The death-bed of Peter the Great,' 'Lines to Liberty,' and an 'Ode to the Spring;' which were printed at his own proper charge, on wove paper, displaying in the title page a wood-cut vignette of a shepherd boy playing a pipe under a tree, with the hinder parts of two fat sheep in a corner, by way of background; over whose heads, or at least over the place where, by its relative position to their tails, their heads ought to have been, stood a little pert parish-church spire, like an extinguisher in the distance, and for motto,

"———Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.—*Juv.*

"Of these 'poetical trifles,' as may easily be imagined, nobody heard at the time, except indeed an obscure reviewer, who, anxious at once to make a fame for himself, and break a butterfly on the wheel, ripped them up in his own unread 'periodical,' and the wholesale of the work amounted to perhaps fifty. Danvers was particularly sore about the neglect of his poetical genius—the nipping in the bud which he had experienced—and always felt that he was capable of great things in the literary world; this (whether he had betrayed himself, or whether some of his friends had betrayed him, I know not) one of the 'very great' men certainly knew, and the masterly manner in which his lordship, after an elaborate discussion on the beauties of Scott, Byron, and Campbell, dropped down gently and unsuspectedly upon the 'Poetical Trifles' of Mr. Thomas Burton, far excelled any thing I ever beheld in the art of making the amiable. Nothing, in short, could exceed the skill of the angler, except the avidity of the victim—his lordship had committed to memory two or three lines of one of the effusions, and when he repeated them with a kind of sing-song twang, expressive of a rapturous approbation, the victory was complete, and, long before the party broke up, Danvers had consented to oppose the whig candidate in his own county, at the then rapidly approaching election."****

"Once in parliament, Danvers began to dream of honors and distinctions; he was conscious of his powers, he began to feel his importance, and if he could but have a son, his aim would be the peerage—to ennoble the blood of the Burtons in his person, to grace his Mary's brows with the golden circlet and baronial pearls—it was quite charming. For more than three weeks he was puzzling himself what title he should choose if the minister felt inclined to offer him a choice. The session opened, and Danvers was a regular attendant at the house, night after night, constantly sitting up till dawn of day to vote; while poor Mary, worried and vexed at the complete destruction of all her little comforts, began to feel symptoms of indisposition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She grew thin and low spirited—so did Danvers; he was worrying himself all day about her, and all night about politics; she was worrying herself all night about him, and all day about her children. Danvers, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, at length made a speech in parliament; it was short but pithy, and great credit was due to him for the matter and the manner of its delivery. He anticipated seeing the next morning in the reports of debates his name and harangue, interspersed with '*Hear, hear*,' and '*Cheers from the treasury benches*,' '*Laughter*,' &c. and came down more eager for fame than breakfast. Three morning papers were on the table; he first took up the Times, and having just cast his eye over three columns of a speech by Brougham, and equally long reply by a much wiser man, his attention was arrested by these words:—'An honorable member, whose name we could not catch, made a few observations, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.' In a transport of rage he threw down the Times, exclaiming against its political spite in thus slurring over an able speech, because it came from the right side of the house, and snatching up the Chronicle, gratified himself by perusing these lines:—'Mr. *Tanrers* coincided in opinion with the last speaker.'

The annexed light and lively sketch is from "Margaret Lyndsay's Wooers," by John Wilson, author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

"Margaret was placed in a rank of society neither high nor low, and it was precisely that most congenial with her humble and unambitious disposition. Far higher, indeed, it was than what she could ever have dreamed of a very few years ago, when there were rarely more shillings in the house than could purchase provisions to the week's end. But still it was low enough to keep her chiefly among the peasantry, and to make their houses the chief scenes of the festal familiarities of her heart. Her extreme beauty, her perfect blameless manners, and her occupation, so great a blessing to the little parish, made her an object of no common interest to the few resident gentry all the way down the country as far as Cora-Linn; and as few important events even in the private history of any family, altogether escape the partial knowledge of persons no way concerned, there was a memoir, various as the minds of those who heard it, of the real cause of her departure from the house of Mrs. Wedderburne. There was something of romance, therefore, about the circumstances of her life to curious minds, with whom novelty or strangeness had such strong charms; and now that she was a lady, even of landed property, the very haughtiest member of old rural races, distinguished by their fixed and immovable obscurity for many respectable generations, began to hear something extremely genteel in the words 'Margaret Lyndsay,' and perhaps would have reconciled themselves to the misfortune of her becoming the wife of some one of the younger unendowed Clydesdale cadets. But Margaret had seen the perfect elegance of cultivated life in the family of the Wedderburnes, and had there repaid the kindness of her benefactress by duties unremittingly discharged to her own Hamet and Frances. Now, she was independent; and had no wish to sit at tables where she might have been pardonably enough looked on as a sort of curiosity or wonder, namely, a genteel girl out of a poor home, a lady risen from low life, the orphan daughter of a mechanic, really not far from being on a par with the hoydenish misses of a squire's family, with red velvet gowns from the town, and red velvet arms to put into them from the country. So Margaret rather shunned than courted splendid hospitality; but always with gratitude and humility acknowledged every kindness and courtesy that she received from persons in a higher rank, and above all, was delighted to see in her own parlor at Nether place, those benevolent ladies who took an interest in the education of the children of the peasantry, and who, therefore, looked upon her as a benefactress to the whole parish.

"Before many months had elapsed since her uncle's death, Margaret had her wooers, although the two first on the list were not such as to represent the passion of love as any thing very tragic. Duncan Gray, portioner in Muirhouse, a young man of good morals, and not very bad manners, and supposed to be worth not far off a hundred pounds per annum, was the swain who took time by the forelock, and first hinted the modest request of Margaret's heart and hand. Some persons make wonderfully little account of such a request, and hold themselves entitled, after two or three times receiving a piece of short bread, and a glass of elder-flower wine, to ask the lady who has given him such refreshment in marriage. The strife of transition seems long and violent; and in Duncan's case it was no sooner taken, than he saw in Miss Lyndsay's involuntary smile that he had made himself—rather ridiculous. At the same time, there was some little excuse for Mr. Duncan Gray of Muirhouse. He had a soul for music framed; and rejecting other every-day instruments of stop or string, he selected the great Highland bagpipe. On it he poured forth, not from his breast, but from beneath his arm, the loudest, longest sighs, *con amore* and *affettuoso*. All the while he thus gave vent to the 'windy suspirations of fixed breath,' he was in the practice, at tea parties, of keeping his blown-up cheeks and staring eyes straight upon the countenance of Margaret Lyndsay, and in the enthusiasm of the hour, he beheld her yielding to the voice of passion. He had mounted new ribbons on the drone of his pipes, red as the rosy visage that puffed below; and pity the delusion of the fond youth if he felt himself and his chanter to be irresistible. But Duncan Gray was a stout young swain, who lived in a high latitude, and had an excellent appetite; so, when he found that Miss Lyndsay preferred a single life, he had recourse to corned beef and greens, and it was not generally thought over the parish that he lost a single pound of flesh on his refusal. That refusal, in whatever words conveyed, and no doubt it was in Margaret's gentlest manner, for it is said that no lady is absolutely angry with the very absurdest offer, was, it appeared decisive. Mr. Gray henceforth played less outrageously on the bagpipe at parties were Margaret was present, and put his hand to his hat on her appearance with rather a hurried and abrupt demonstration; but otherwise he was very much the same man as before, and began to pay frequent visits to Thomas Carstairs of the Haugh, whose daughter Rachel was, though no beauty, by no means contemptible either in talk, tidiness, or tocher.

"The next on the list was one more likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart of Drumlake. He was considered by himself and some others, to be the best preacher in the synod; and since Daniel Craig's death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed, and had got the gold medal at Glasgow College for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he had favored Miss Lindsay with a sight of it once in the manse, and once when they were alone, eating gooseberries in the garden of Nether-place. The only thing very peculiar in his pronunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian; but then there was an indescribably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a staircase, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum, in Breadalbane. Mr. M'Taggart was a moral preacher, and he had one sermon upon sympathy, which he had delivered before the commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior to any thing in Logan—and no wonder, for they were in a great measure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the congregation of Casterton, and ever and anon he laid his hand upon his heart, and looked to a pier near the window beneath the lolt on the left hand side of the pulpit.

"A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr. M'Taggart, with both medal and sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-place, like a man bent on bold and high emprise. Mysie was half afraid to lead his steed to the stable, for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country, as indeed well he might, for, during several years, he had carried an enormous black, hight Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly distinguished regiment, the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Mysie to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he had 'stooped his anointed head.' Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

"The young divine took his place, after a little elegant *badinage*, on the parlor hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat-flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which of all others make a person appear most like a gentleman. 'Pray, ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?' 'No, sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman.' 'Not if properly explained by a superior mind—Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on our sympathetic affections or emotions. But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr. Adam Smith, we do not sympathize directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend, ma'am?' 'It would be presumption in me, Mr. M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little, and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated so eloquently in your discourse last Sabbath.' 'Yes, ma'am, it is the germ which I unfold under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust'—and with that he expanded himself before the chimney. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire. 'Certainly, ma'am, certainly, that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself under seven years acquaintance; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger.' Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, 'then, ma'am, as to the sense of propriety,'—but here Mysie opened the door, and came in with a fluster. 'My conscience, Mr. M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon-job with his plane to smooth off the splinters—he's a devil of a horse, and likes shavings better than last year's hay.' This was an awkward interruption to the 'young man eloquent,' who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Mysie withdrew, and Mr. M'Taggart forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suit. 'The heritors are bound to build me a new manse, and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chaulders. Hay Campbell is the friend of the clergy. The stipend is £137 17s. 6d. in money, and likewise from the widow's fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to £30 per annum, be it less or more—so that'——Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. 'Give me, ma'am, a categorical answer—be composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-place, it shall be settled as you and our common friend, Mr. Oswald, shall fix upon our children.'

"A categorical answer was the only word which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—'No;' and accordingly she hazarded that monosyllable. Mr. M'Taggart, the man of the medal, was confounded and irritated—he could not believe his ears, long as they were, and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the sermon on sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think that Æneas was barely civil on his departure, and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and

"With his left heel insidiously aside,
Provoked the caper that he seemed to chide,"

till he disappeared out of the avenue from the wondering eyes of Mysie, who kept exclaiming, 'Safe us—he's like a rough rider!—Look now, the beast's funking like mad, and then up again w' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn.'"

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Demosthenes. Translated by Thomas Leland, D.D. 2vols. 18mo. pp. 282, 272. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

This is an appropriate and well printed addition to the Classical Family Library, forming its fourth number, containing a brief biography of the celebrated Athenian, and also a preface by which the general reader is enlightened upon the subjects of the orations. The se volumes are done up with neatness, and, we need not add, should be in the hands of every youth in preference to most other offerings of the press.

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A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By John Herschel, Esq. A. M. &c. 1 vol. 12mo. p. 275. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

This treatise is of a character which should recommend it to universal perusal. It is divided into three parts, in each of which a separate branch of the subject is examined. Several extracts have already appeared in our pages.

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Geographical Classics; or the application of Ancient Geography to the Classics. By John Frost. 1 vol. 8mo. p. 262. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

An excellent auxiliary to students, especially readers of history. It is the second American, from the ninth London edition. A series of interrogations is annexed at the end of the volume.

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Remarks on the Life and Writings of Daniel Webster. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

A portion of this pamphlet has been published in the eighteenth number of the Philadelphia Quarterly Review. It offers a deal of interesting matter, and will doubtless be much read.

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Jacqueline of Holland: a Historical Tale. By Thomas Colley Grattan, author of "The Heiress of Bruges," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 209, 216. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

We have not been able to peruse the last work of this popular writer, and only mention it in order to remind his many admirers that it is now awaiting their leisure.

## THE DRAMA.

### THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

A NEW, original, successful tragedy, and one attractive to large numbers of our fellow-citizens, is quite an event in our little theatrical diary. Mr. Bailey has not been hitherto known as a writer. He has grown up utterly in the shade, and leaps out now with the suddenness of Minerva springing from the brain of Jove. It is said that a general consternation ran through Pearl-street, Peck-slip, and other parts of our metropolis consecrated to the genius of commerce, when this poet in disguise was detected upon the premises. The brokers and importers of dry goods put their hands to their chins, and looked bothered. The auctioneers and jobbers took breath a moment from their squabblings about piece sales and package sales, and rolled up their eyes with manifestations of wonder; and the young merchant clerks paid their dollar to Mr. Blake in rapid succession, and with signs of doubt and curiosity in their faces. One honest Pearl-streeter, who was *business*, "marrow, bones, and all," and who it appears had frequently met our author on a common level, without ever so much as suspecting him of any such atrocious propensities, stepped back six yards, when we mentioned the name of the writer, and slapping down the palm of his hand upon his knee, declared, with more candor than politeness, that he did not believe a word of it. Notwithstanding his incredulity, the play went on to its overflowing audience, and heavy peals of applause testified that Mr. Bailey had nothing to fear, unless, perhaps, the fate of one of the great Athenian writers, who was smothered in the theatre under mantles flung on him by his admirers in the way of caresses.

The public have already pronounced judgment upon the tragedy, which was, indeed, completely successful; and, if dependence may be placed upon the prompt and continued plaudits of a large and intelligent company, the general admiration of the daily press, and several testimonials from eminent literary individuals, it possesses merits of no common order. To detail the plot might interfere with the pleasure of such as hereafter attend the representation, but we cannot avoid offering a few extracts, which scarcely require any comment. We may, however, first observe, that the author must not as yet rest on his laurels. Tragedy-writing is a business demanding a severe apprenticeship, and in this attempt he has fallen into several trivial errors, which, as it is a first piece, it would be scarcely fair to dwell on. Here and there we note a probability a little violated, a situation not altogether new, or a period which has a tinge of similarity to something we have read elsewhere. We are frank in pointing out these trifles, as they are merely the result of inadvertency, and perhaps an over anxiety to supply the piece with dramatic incident. The language is chaste yet melodious and declamatory. Much industry and taste appear in the construction of the machinery of the plot, and there are points to which Mr. Kean imparted a striking effect. He read the following beautifully. It refers to his daughter Hersilia:

"There is need
That I acquaint her with my late intent
To raise her fortune and advance my own.
And if, as the late news I've heard portends,
Which this my honest soldier here confirms,
She cling with fondness to this Claudius,
I'll tear the rooted passion from her breast,
Though it should crack her heart-strings; for this thing
Which boys call love, but which experience
Grafted on wisdom in the deeper school,
Where human nature doth unfold her page
To true philosophy, deems but a toy,
Is a mere bubble, which, thrown in the sun
Of wild romance, delights the child awhile,
Then bursts to airy nothing; but the mind
That looks on life with cool ambition's eye,
And acts with dignity which soars beyond
Such idle fantasies, makes that the tool
By which it plays upon the weak, and moulds
The unwary to its purpose."

The following soliloquy, by Rufus, was much applauded:

"Fie, fie upon the fashion of the times,
That clothes in splendor and decks out to view,
In all the trappings of triumphant war,
The pampered minion of applauding crowds—
'Tis not the fields a man has nobly won,
Nor the proud name by fearful hazards gained
In acts of self-devotion and high emprise—
These weigh not with the throng a jot; a feather,
Thrown by a skilful hand would turn the scale
Of popular opinion. Why, I've known
Some mountebank, some shrewd and arrant knave,
Draw crowds of fools in his admiring train,
While real greatness passed unheeded by."

The annexed description of a chariot race is in the author's best style:

"Panting with eager hopes and proud desires,
With beating heart the youthful daring band
Start to the race, and fiercely seize the reins.
Onward they rush—ten thousand voices hail
The alternate victor as he speeds along;
Ten thousand glances mark the chariot's flight,
And as they gaze, as many thousand souls
Swell in their bosoms. ****
Then comes the glorious moment when the goal
Is almost reached; they goad the foremost steeds,
Lashing with all their might upon their flanks—
The flying chariot kindles in the course,
And swifter than the wind is borne along;
And now the victor, like a flash of light,
Bursts on the view, and hails the loud acclaim
While lengthening shouts of triumph rend the air.
One moment proud as this, my cherish'd friend,
Is worth the glories of a whole campaign."

Great force was given to the speech of Waldimar in the fifth act, before Theodosius:

"When the lastacts of my eventful life
Are bold unto my country, let it not
Be blotted out from record, to be urged on
By taunts that goad, and angry threats that swell
The hot and insulted honor's vein
To bursting, and bow roused to savage hate
By the dire maddening sight of those I honored,
And whom my bosom clung to, writhing, mangled,
And with their gory locks thus clotted hung

Around their ghastly brow, and with those eyes
That death and agony made eloquent,
Shrieking, 'revenge—revenge!' Let it be told
Thus urged, thus roused to fury, I stood forth
Their proud avenger—prouder of that name
Than if I had trod down the stubborn necks
Of the dark Scythians."

Our readers will excuse us for quoting the spirited soliloquy of Claudius waiting for Hersilia:

"I see her not, and yet it is the hour
We were to meet; or has my anxious heart,
Borne on love's wings, deceived me in the count
Of time, which lags with heavy pace behind?
It must be so—for she is wont to steal
With eager haste t'attend her Claudius.
How formed for contemplation and soft dreams
Is this fair garden in its loneliness!
Where not a sigh does gentle nature breathe,
And where the moon in silent majesty
Looks down from her high throne above the clouds,
And, emblem of a power and love divine,
Beams peace and light and harmony around.
But hark! the splash of the resounding oar,
And in the distance the soft echoing horn,
That sounds along the waters, and the cry
Of wakeful sentinels, fall on the ear
And sweetly break the stillness of the hour."

Whatever may be the difference of opinion respecting the rank of this tragedy, among similar native productions, all unite in awarding great praise to the author for the elegance of the language, the dramatic management of several parts of the dialogue, and the really strong effect of the story upon the audience. Mr. Bailey may justly congratulate himself upon the result of this experiment. He has covered himself with laurels, which all who know him personally will be glad to see placed on his brow.

The prologue, by Mr. Sands, displayed unusual nerve and poetic beauty. A few noble lines may be appropriately quoted:

"All is not gained at once. The Genoese
Who first explored our now familiar seas,
'Gainst every barrier, firm in his intent,
Found but the isles and not the continent.
A hundred stars shed their prophetic rays
Ere Shakspeare's sun obscured them with its blaze."

The arch and spirited manner in which Mrs. Sharpe recited the epilogue, procured her much applause.

With Mr. Kean's acting we were agreeably disappointed. High as this ambitious young performer previously stood in our estimation, we did not conceive him capable of carrying through an original play so triumphantly. His attitudes were classical and picturesque, his readings impressive and beautiful, and both his conception and execution of the character correct and spirited. We are persuaded that his acting will be more admired the more closely it is examined. Sit in the stage-box and watch his face and his attitudes, the nearer the better, and you will feel yourself under the influence of a skilful actor. He played Richard the other evening with marked success; and the sensation which he has produced during this engagement is stronger and more general than he ever created before.

Miss Clifton, at the American theatre, has recovered from her indisposition, and is again attracting full houses. The affairs of this establishment seem going on very prosperously. Mr. and Mrs. Keppell of the Haymarket, Mr. and Mrs. Hadaway from the City theatre, London, and Mr. Spencer from the Adelphia, have arrived from London in the Cambria, having been engaged by Mrs. Hamblin as part of the regular stock company.

### GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the present month, we understand that Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones will make their appearance in the opera of Cinderella at Philadelphia. We congratulate our musical friends in that city on the production of this charming opera; and we do not doubt that with attention, and the talent which is attached to the theatre under Mr. Maywood's direction, they will enjoy a treat of the most refined description. We think we cannot say too much of this enchanting production, supported as we are by the fact that it not only is a reigning favorite in London, and has been played sixty nights in this city, but that it has been translated into German for the opera-house at Berlin. The talents of the *prima donna* are known and appreciated in our sister city. Mr. Jones, we believe, has never appeared there; but we feel assured that he will make that impression on the public which science and fine natural powers are sure to command.

We understand that the Holiday-street theatre in Baltimore, under the direction of Mr. Walton, is conducted with spirit; and that the inhabitants have now a manager who will, in the course of the season afford ample gratification to the taste for music which is known to pervade the fashionable circles.

The Richmond Hill theatre, corner of Varick and Charlton streets, will open on Monday evening next, under the management of Mr. Russell.

Mr. Forest's Gladiator has been pre-eminently successful in Philadelphia.

Inquiries are making from all quarters, "Where is Miss Clara Fisher?" Amid the multiplicity of attractions to which novelty imparts a fictitious value, the brilliant declamations of this rare young actress must still command the admiration ever awarded to truth and nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are performing at the Tremont theatre, Boston. A friend who was present informs us, that several obstreperous gentlemen, said to have journeyed from New-York on purpose to create a disturbance, were handed unceremoniously out of the theatre. We trust the report of their being from this city is not true. Whatever the obnoxious vocalist may have said, such a course of revenge would be cruel, and indeed brutal persecution. The singing of Mr. Anderson was greatly admired, and it was generally supposed that, but for the unlucky circumstances attending his arrival here, he would have been a prominent favorite.

**THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.**

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, AND NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1831.

*Editor's study.*—There is a charming little boy who comes in and out of our room just when he pleases, tumbles over the new damp octavos, peeps into the papers, examines the engravings, and makes fun of our editorial articles with a very pretty impudence and familiarity. He is a sweet-tempered, sunshiny, affectionate creature. We could write off a column with him hanging on our knee, when the whisper of another would fling us into a fever. We are so accustomed to his boyish, winning ways, that we love to have him near us. The sight of him fills us with cheerful thoughts, and affects us as pleasantly as a stream of afternoon sunshine on the wall, or the rustling of the low wind among the leaves in summer, or anything that chimes in with our feelings, and enlivens the mind with agreeable associations. In this little fellow are the germs of a great character. He sometimes melts with the tenderness of a true poet, and, again, betrays the fire and rage which, properly cherished and disciplined, might make him a hero. His very faults are those of a noble soul, unable yet to manage its own energies. By a proper course of education, to develop his good qualities and temper his impetuosity, he might be trained up to a career of splendid virtue and honor. He came into our room the other evening just as twilight had induced us to close our book. Instead of his usual delightful countenance, and rapid, eager step, his face was pale and disturbed, and his little feet were lifted slowly. We took his hand, and drawing him gently towards our lap, asked what was the matter; but his eyes immediately filled with tears, his tender heart heaved and throbbed, and hiding his face in our bosom, he wept bitterly. He had been whipped at school because he did not know his dictionary lesson. We asked him a few questions from the book, and found that he was not only utterly ignorant respecting the task, but that he had not ever been taught, except in the most absurd and mechanical way. He informed us that the master had ordered him to learn two pages of words, with their spelling, definitions, parts of speech, number, &c. He could tell the meaning set down in the book for "communication," for instance, and that it is a noun, and in the singular number; but when required to explain what he meant by the term "noun," or to name any other word also a *noun*, or what he meant by its being in the singular number, or to give the plural number, he said those were questions which his master never asked. He only saw that the boys could say off by heart what was written in the book, and never paused to ascertain whether they understood the spirit of a single sentence. We fear that too many of our academies are conducted in the same slovenly manner. Young lads may commit to memory whole chapters of grammar and arithmetic, and yet know literally nothing about them. Indeed, they are actually injured by unsuccessful attempts to learn, as they often mistake words for knowledge—an ignorant mind, conscious of its ignorance, will probably improve, but one believing itself sufficiently cultivated, will remit all future exertions. If the truth could be known, many teachers themselves deserve the censure and penalties they bestow on their pupils. We had been turning this subject over in our own mind for sometime, resolved to handle it for the benefit of our young friends, the schoolboys, but, for the present shall substitute the following just reflections by Steele, which we trust it will not seem impertinent in us to recommend to the attentive perusal of such as find themselves intrusted with the charge of children. A more delicate task could not be imposed upon them. We believe the period will arrive when the profession of instructing the young will be one of the most lucrative and respectable as it certainly is one of the most important which can employ the talents of the learned and the virtuous. Now it lies unluckily under a kind of disrepute. No one places it up as the ultimate object of his ambition. It is too often made subservient to every other business—a kind of stepping-stone to other professions. If the time which bad and careless teachers are the means of causing bewildered, oppressed, and helpless children to waste, could be computed, it would be found that several years in the lives of millions of the inhabitants of these states, might have been almost as well passed in sleep. We are tempted to put on paper several reflections of our own, but the extracts given below are so true and forcible that they express our opinion much more eloquently than we could ourselves.

"I have very often with much sorrow bewailed the misfortune of children, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heart aches and terrors to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar school. Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are for ever near a right understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others. The sense of shame and honor is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead, when it is a good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning, the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

"I am confident that no boy, who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood) I say no man has passed through this way of education but must have seen an ingenuous creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse. The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening?"******

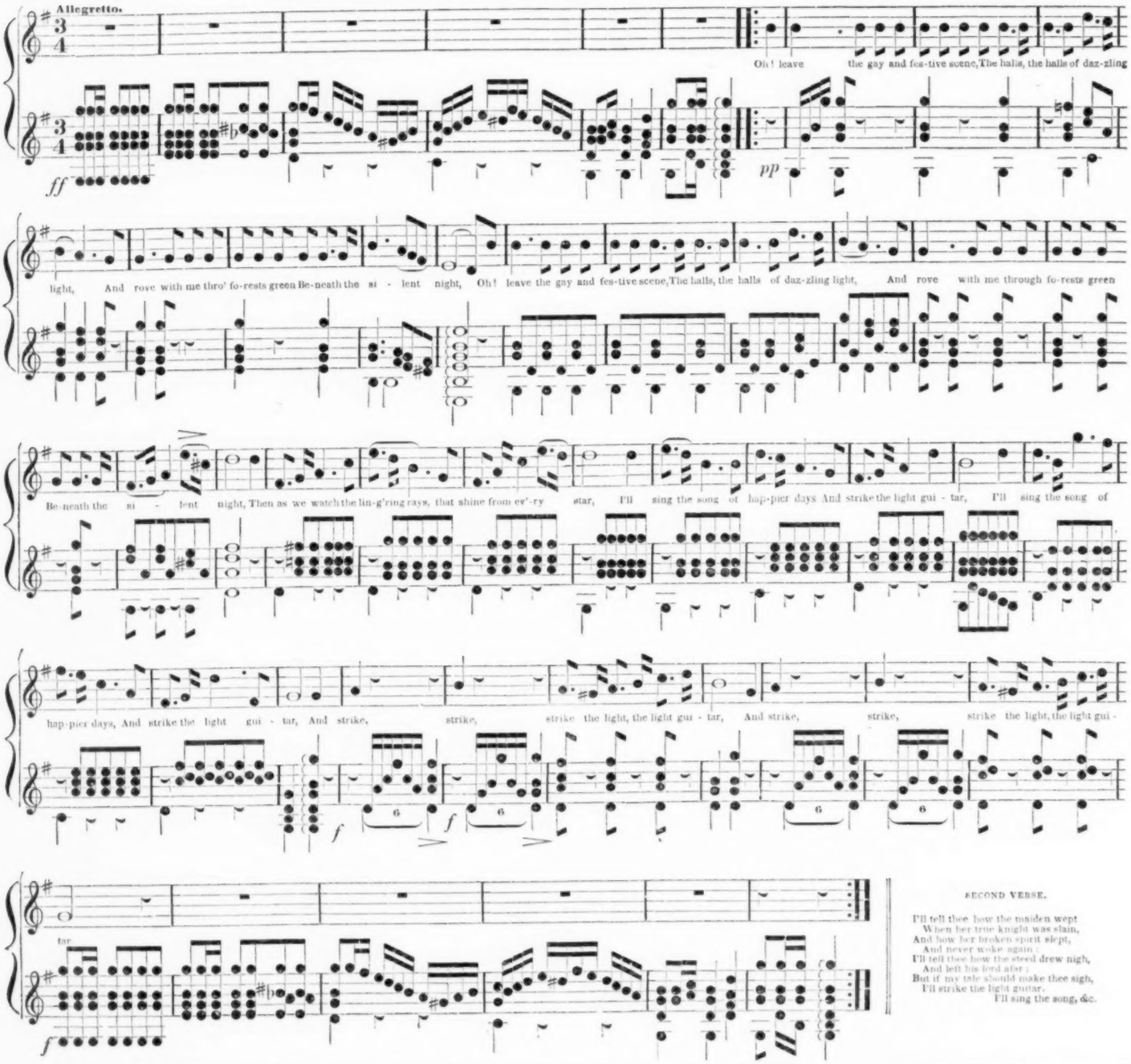
"It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would suggest only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are had they never suffered that infamy."******

"Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood; perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and a half out of a gate, or for writing an *o* for an *a*, or an *a* for an *o*. These were our great faults! Many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the list against so many armed pedagogues. It is pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behavior and method of teaching, who should be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which they now abhor for coming upon such hard terms to them. What would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it."

We have been plunging to day into divers drawers and desks for a piece of original poetry. We have untied numerous packages, neatly bound up with white tape; we have brought back to the glimpses of the moon the ravings of more disturbed imaginations than we can conveniently count, on all subjects, of all sizes, on all sorts of paper, and written in every possible variety of penmanship. There, now, is a rapid running hand. See the sweep of the F's and the T's. Look at the magnificent curl to that S, and the bold, strong dash at the end of the line. That came somewhere out of Pearl-street, we'll wager a year's subscription. It has the counter air. We receive bills sometimes, Mr. A. B. to C. D. debtor, with that identical flourish of the M. Here is a thin blue paper, with the superb rustle of a new bank-note, sealed with wax, and written in a delicate female hand. What timid eyes have shone over this page! Thank heaven we shall not meet their flash when they look next week for the verses in vain. Here is a heavy back hand. We think we see the fist that made these marks. Our reputation for taste must suffer sadly; yet out of the whole heap which lies there piled up on the floor, not a solitary piece can we find without an insurmountable objection. Either they are too long, or they are illegible, or there is bad grammar, or abominable rhyme, or false metre, or stale subjects. Some are not without beauties, but so careless as to require more revision than we have time to bestow; besides, revising and altering are sometimes dangerous. Mr. Poet is sensitive, and won't have a word changed to save the universe from a general conflagration. We have had thoughts of drawing up a formal appeal to the young rhymsters of our land, some of whom possess fine material, though rather in the rough. We would particularly recommend young gentlemen in love not to send their pieces too soon. There is no hurry. The public will wait, and perhaps the author might wish to cut a little. These "thrilling glances," and "exquisite tones," are all well enough—but—after the honey moon—the—that is—we are getting into trouble here!

## THE LIGHT GUITAR.

A CELEBRATED SERENADE—ARRANGED FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR BY OTTO TORP.




SECOND VERSE.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept
When her true knight was slain,
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again;
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.
I'll sing the song, &c.

### Varieties.

A HEROINE'S HAND.—The hand of the heroine of a novel is always *small*. Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our christians ridicule the pagan taste of the gentry of the celestial empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person, is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beautifying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights. They are for the most part tall and personal ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands that ever any poor creature was disfigured withal.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husband's ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part, we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do, gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted by this time.

A mechanic in the north has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room, but *flogs all the boys* "on a graduated scale," according to their offences.

Dutch wives generally assist their husbands in their business, often taking the most active share in it; and it is a common remark in Holland, that where the women have the direction of the purse and trade, the husbands seldom become bankrupts.

It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to be silent. Hence the origin of every impertinence.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you.

Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes!

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

To marry a widow, in good French, signifies to make one's fortune; but it does not always happen that this meaning is correct.

As secret grief shows itself on the face, so also on the face are undivulged crimes written in characters legible to the observant eye.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
We never repent of having eaten too little.

Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek though it blooms not for me.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.
To whom all communications must be addressed. No subscriptions received for a less term than one year.

*J. Seymour, printer, John-street.*

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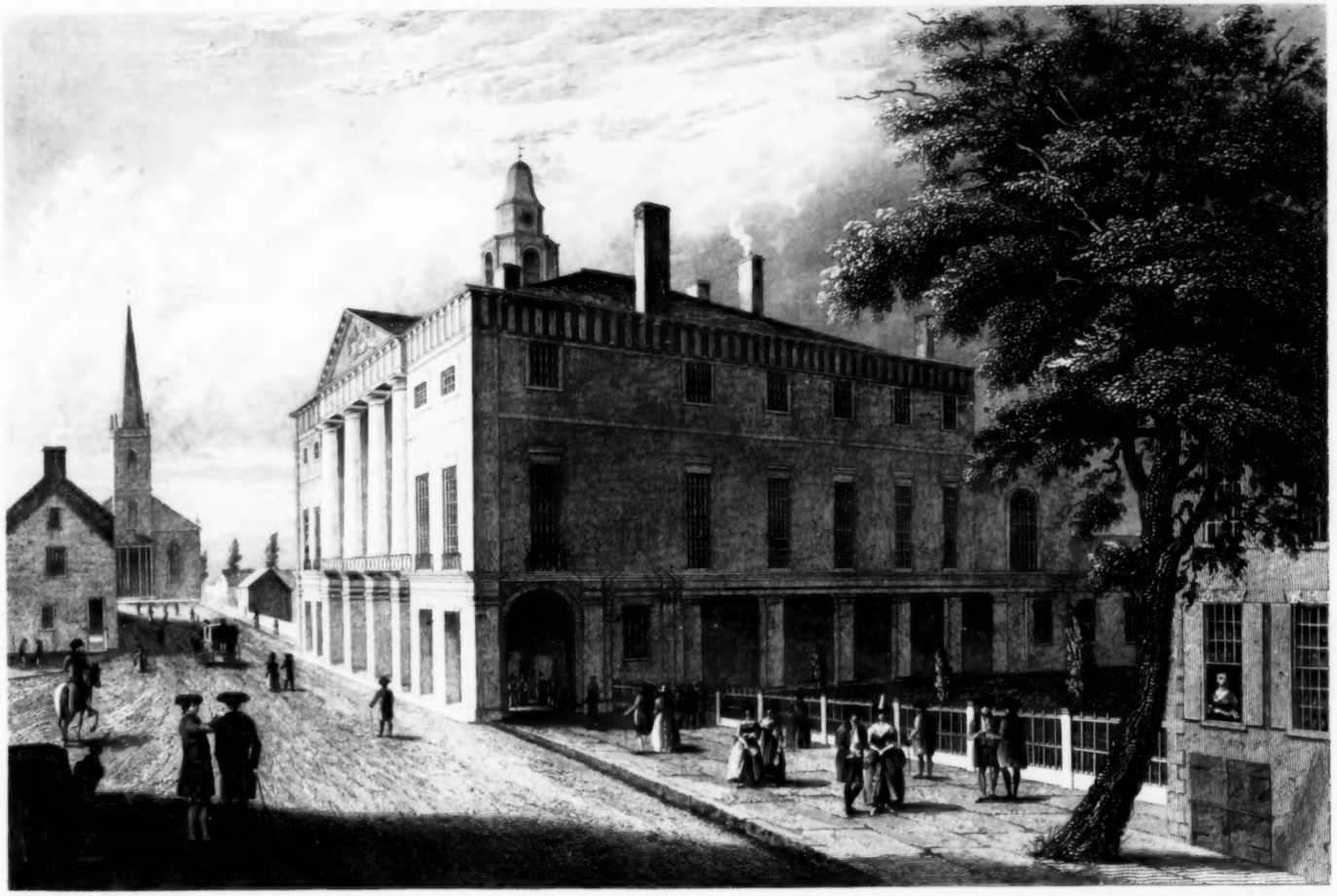
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